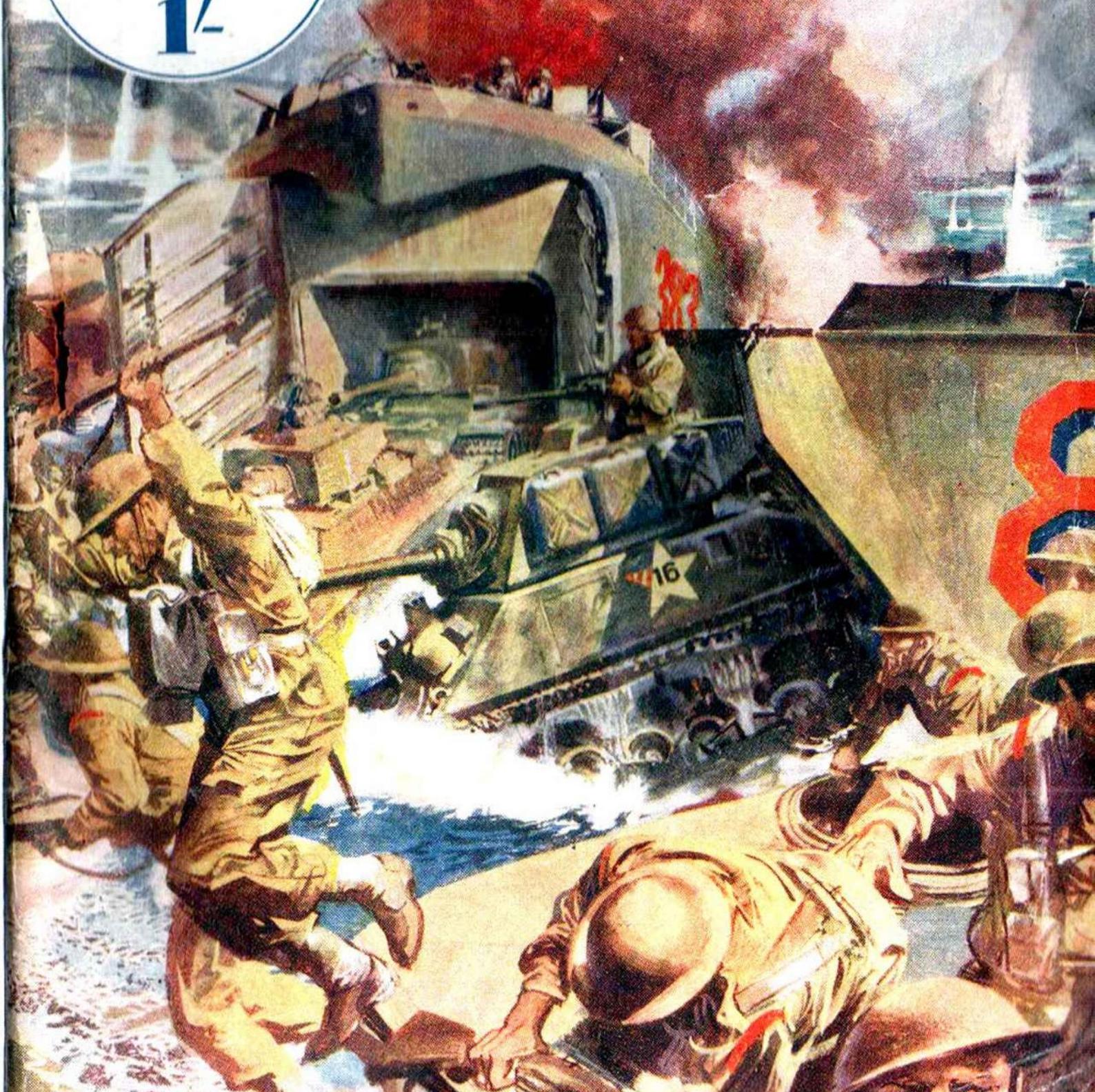


FLEETWAY  
LIBRARY

**WAR  
PICTURE  
LIBRARY**  
No 31  
**1/-**

# BEACH-HEAD

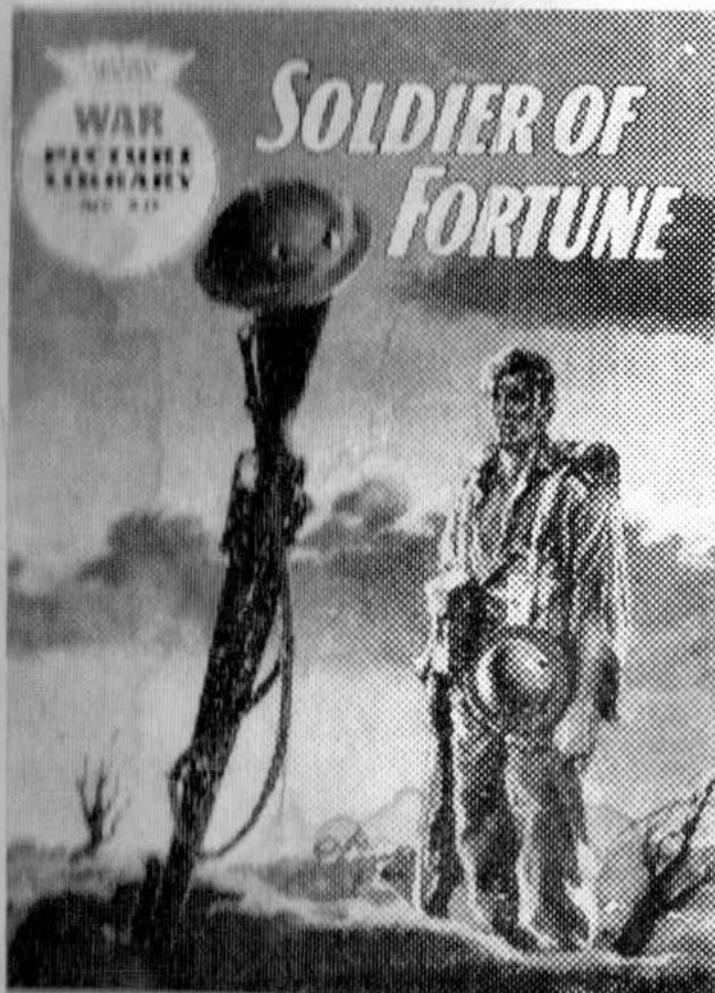


**ALSO ON SALE NOW**

**FOR WAR THRILLS ... ACTION ... DRAMA ...**

# **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY**

**No. 30—SOLDIER OF FORTUNE**



A young soldier, the sole survivor of a last ditch stand in Greece, takes another's identity and his fight to win back his honour and his name nearly costs him his life.

**NO. 32—CONVOY**



The convoy to Russia sailed into an unbelievable hell of Arctic storms and deadly ice, of lurking U-boats and marauding aircraft—but the worst enemy of all was the traitor within the convoy itself.

Next month's **THREE** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** titles are :—

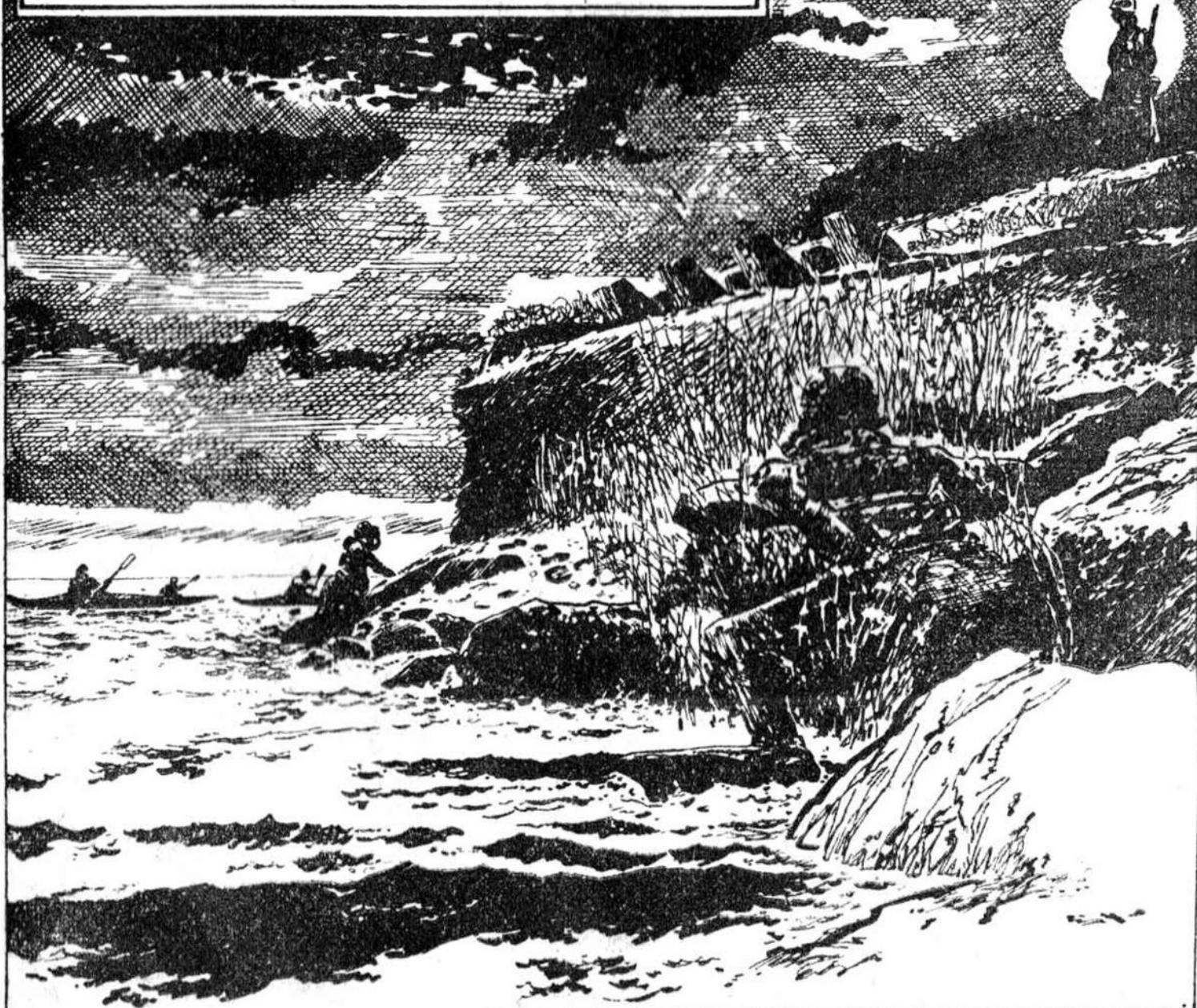
**No. 33—UNDER FIRE**

**No. 34—FIX BAYONETS**

**No. 35—FULL STEAM**

# BEACH-HEAD

SEPTEMBER, 1944. TO AID AND HASTEN THE ALLIED ADVANCE IN ITALY, A MAJOR LANDING TOOK PLACE IN THE STRONGLY-HELD SALERNO GULF. BUT BEFORE ANY GREAT INVASION IT WAS VITAL TO KNOW THE SECRETS OF THE ENEMY COAST — TO DISCOVER THE GRADIENT OF THE BEACH FOR LANDING CRAFT OPERATIONS, TO PROBE ITS STRENGTH, POSITION, MINEFIELDS AND CUNNINGLY PLACED OBSTACLES. THIS IS A STORY OF ONE OF THE MEN WHO SCOUTED AND PLOTTED THE ADVANCE BEACH-HEADS — A FIGHTING SAILOR OF THE C.O.P.P., THE COMBINED OPERATIONS PILOTAGE PARTY.



Chapter 1.

# FROGMAN'S THREAT

ON A DARKENED STRETCH OF BEACH IN SALERNO BAY, TWO BRITISH NAVAL FROGMEN HAD BEEN TAKEN PRISONER . . .

SHOOT TO WOUND IF THEY TRY TO ESCAPE! HAUPTMANN ZWEISS WILL WANT TO MEET THESE TWO!



MEANWHILE, OFF SALERNO BEACH, PETTY OFFICER RED LUCKNOW, D.S.M., OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S COMBINED OPS PILOTAGE PARTY, WAS REPORTING TO HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, LIEUTENANT PEERS, ON BOARD H.M. SUBMARINE SHARK.



# BEACH-HEAD

3

LUCKNOW'S EYES FLICKERED INVOLUNTARILY TO THE CLOCK ON THE WARDROOM BULKHEAD.



THE COMBINED OPERATIONS MEN LEFT THE WARDROOM DISTURBED ABOUT THE FATE OF THEIR TWO MISSING COMRADES.



# 4 BEACH-HEAD

THE TOUGH P.O. FROGMAN WILLINGLY ACCEPTED THE CHANCE HIS OFFICER OFFERED. MINUTES LATER, HE WAS PADDLING TOWARDS THE ENEMY HELD BEACH.

SO YOU LET HIM GO... I ONLY HOPE HE MAKES IT BACK IN TIME!

LUCKNOW SOON FOUND THE WAITING CANOES OF HIS MISSING FRIENDS . . .

NO SIGN OF 'EM . . . I'LL GIVE 'EM TEN MINUTES!

COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED LUCKNOW ANYWAY! HE'LL BRING BACK AMES AND RUTHERFORD, IF IT'S HUMANLY POSSIBLE . . .



HIS WAIT WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE CRUNCH OF HEAVY BOOTS ON THE CRISP ITALIAN SAND!

JERRIES...  
AND THEY'VE NABBED AMES AND RUTHERFORD!



# BEACH-HEAD

5

ARMED WITH ONLY A COMMANDO DAGGER, THE PETTY OFFICER FUMED AS HE WATCHED HIS FRIENDS BEING MARCHED OFF TO CAPTIVITY... OR WORSE...

IT MAY WELL BE THE LAST ANY BRITISHER SEES OF THEM... UNLESS I HELP THEM!



LUCKNOW QUICKLY CONCEALED THE CANOES BEFORE FOLLOWING THE PRISONERS, HOPING WILDLY FOR SOME CHANCE TO HELP THE CAPTURED RATINGS...



## BEACH-HEAD

BUT BEYOND THE DUNES WERE STRONG GERMAN-HELD POSITIONS !

WE CAUGHT THESE  
TWO PROWLING ABOUT  
OUR BEACH  
DEFENCES, HERR,  
LEUTNANT !

ESCORT THEM TO,  
HAUPTMANN ZWEISS.  
HE'LL KNOW HOW TO  
DEAL WITH SPIES ! I'LL  
HAVE A PATROL SEARCH  
THE BEACH TO SEE IF  
THERE'S ANY MORE  
OF THEIR  
KIND . . .



LUCKNOW BEGAN A DESPERATE CRAWL  
THROUGH THE ENEMY DEFENCES, NOT  
DARING TO LOSE SIGHT OF THE  
TWO CAPTIVES . . .



# BEACH-HEAD

7

THE ESCORTED FROGMEN  
WERE HALTED AND  
ORDERED DOWN THE  
STEPS OF A LARGE  
DUGOUT . . .

GET HAUPTMANN  
ZWEISS AT THE DOUBLE!  
WE'LL WAIT IN THE  
BUNKER WITH THE  
PRISONERS . . .

JAWOHL,  
FELDWEBEL

LUCKNOW ARRIVED IN TIME TO SEE THE MESSENGER  
RETURN ON THE RUNNING BOARD OF A SMALL GERMAN  
TRUCK. HE SAW A TALL GERMAN OFFICER STEP INTO  
THE ROAD FROM BESIDE THE DRIVER . . .

WHAT IS  
SO IMPORTANT,  
FELDWEBEL  
VOHL?

WE  
HAVE CAPTURED  
TWO BRITISHERS, HERR  
HAUPTMANN! BRITISH  
SPIES! THEY WAIT  
BELOW!

# BEACH-HEAD

SO BEGAN THE INTERROGATION OF AMES AND RUTHERFORD BY THE COLD-BLOODED HAUPTMANN ZWEISS!

IT WILL BE  
EASIER FOR YOU, ENGLANDER SWINE, IF YOU TELL ME  
OF YOUR WORK AT  
SALENTO . . . !

WE  
HAVE NOTHING  
TO SAY !



THE PRISONERS' STUBBORN REFUSAL TO TALK INFURIATED THE GERMAN OFFICER . . .

DOGS! TAKE THEM AWAY! THEY  
WILL BE MADE TO TALK-BEFORE  
I HAVE THEM SHOT AS SPIES!

YOUR  
DAY WILL COME,  
JERRY! DO  
YOUR  
WORST . . .



# BEACH-HEAD

THE PRISONERS WERE DRAGGED UP THE DUGOUT STEPS AND TAKEN TO THE TRUCK. LUCKNOW WATCHED IN HELPLESS RAGE!

THEY WILL BEG FOR MERCY WHEN I HAVE THEM AT MY HEADQUARTERS! YOU AND YOUR MEN COME WITH ME AS GUARDS...



THE TRUCK ROARED OFF, LEAVING THE GERMAN SENTRY AT THE DUGOUT ENTRANCE, YAWNING TIREDLY.

ACH! I'LL CATCH A NAP BEFORE THE SERGEANT RETURNS...



LUCKNOW CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOWED THE SENTRY DOWN INTO THE DUGOUT...



## BEACH-HEAD

LIKE A SPEEDING BULLET, THE STOCKY NAVYMAN HURLED HIMSELF UPON THE UNSUSPECTING GERMAN . . .

NO NOISE, FRITZ - OR YOU'LL BE A DEAD JERRY!



THE STARTLED, FRIGHTENED SOLDIER WAS MORE THAN READY TO TALK TO THE WILD ONE WHO HAD BURST IN UPON HIM . . .

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE BRITISH PRISONERS?



THEY HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF HAUPTMANN ZWEISS . . .

SPEAK ON! WHAT ELSE? WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THEM? WHO IS THIS ZWEISS?



SPARE ME! I AM BUT A PRIVATE . . . AND AN AUSTRIAN . . . NOT EVEN A GERMAN! ZWEISS GIVES THE ORDERS. HE SAID HE WOULD SHOOT THE PRISONERS AFTER HE HAD GAINED INFORMATION FROM THEM . . .

# BEACH-HEAD

THE WORDS STABBED INTO LUCKNOW'S HEART... THE NAME ZWEISS WAS BRANDED INTO HIS MEMORY...

I WANT A WORD WITH THIS HAUPTMANN ZWEISS.  
CALL HIM UP AT HIS H.Q. ON THAT PHONE... AND  
NO TRICKS,  
SQUAREHEAD!

JA, JA!  
I WILL  
TRY...



A STARTLED ZWEISS WAS CALLED TO THE TELEPHONE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 20TH HERMANN GOERING REGIMENT...

ZWEISS? GET THIS...  
PETTY OFFICER RED LUCKNOW,  
ROYAL NAVY, SPEAKING... IF  
YOU HARM YOUR PRISONERS  
IN ANY WAY AT ALL...  
I'LL HUNT YOU DOWN  
TO THE END OF YOUR  
DAYS...

HIMMEL! AN  
ENGLANDER!



## BEACH-HEAD

LUCKNOW'S VOICE RANG WITH MENACE AS HE TALKED TO THE AMAZED OFFICER . . .



THE CALL ENDED ABRUPTLY. HAUPTMANN ZWEISS WAS LEFT STARING STUPEFIED FOR A LONG MOMENT AT THE TELEPHONE IN HIS HAND.

SCHNELL! SCHNELL! CALL OUT MY BODYGUARD! SOMEONE TRACE THAT CALL! MY LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED!



BACK AT THE DUGOUT, LUCKNOW WASTED NO TIME PREPARING HIS DEPARTURE . . .

TELL YOUR HAUPTMANN FROM ME . . . IF HE HARMS MY PALS, I'LL BE BACK TO THROTTLE HIM WITH THIS BANNER!



I'VE DONE ALL I CAN—  
NOW BACK TO THE SUB.  
IF SHE'S STILL  
THERE



A FEW SHORT MINUTES LATER,  
THE ENRAGED AND SCARED  
ZWEISS STORMED INTO THE  
DUGOUT...

DUMKOPF! TO LET  
AN ENGLANDER MAKE A FOOL  
OF THE WEHRMACHT!



LUCKNOW MADE GOOD PROGRESS  
BACK TO HIS HIDDEN CANOE—UNTIL  
HE PASSED CLOSE TO A GERMAN GUN  
POSITION!

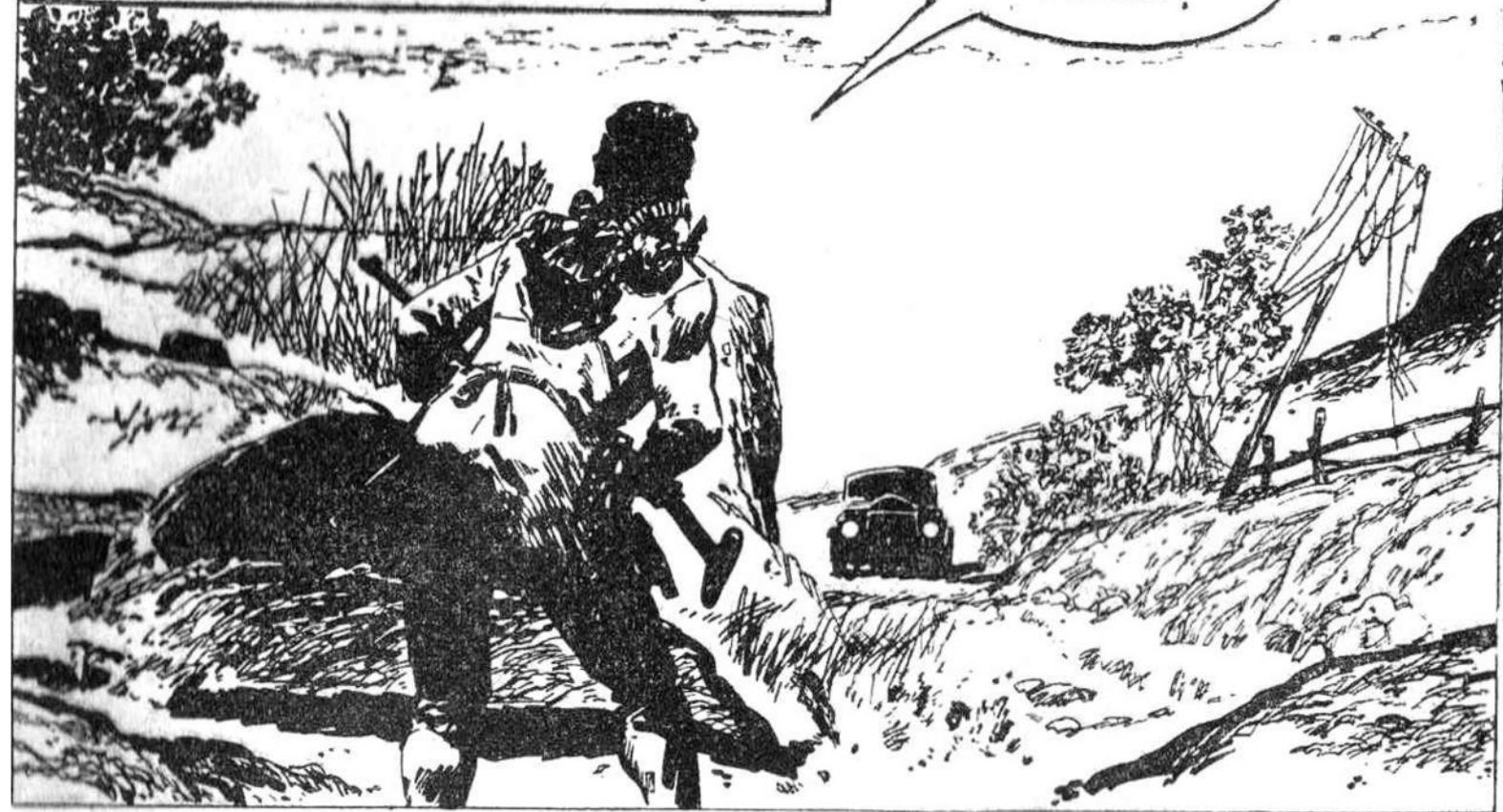
ACHTUNG!  
ACHTUNG!  
AN ENGLANDER...



## BEACH-HEAD

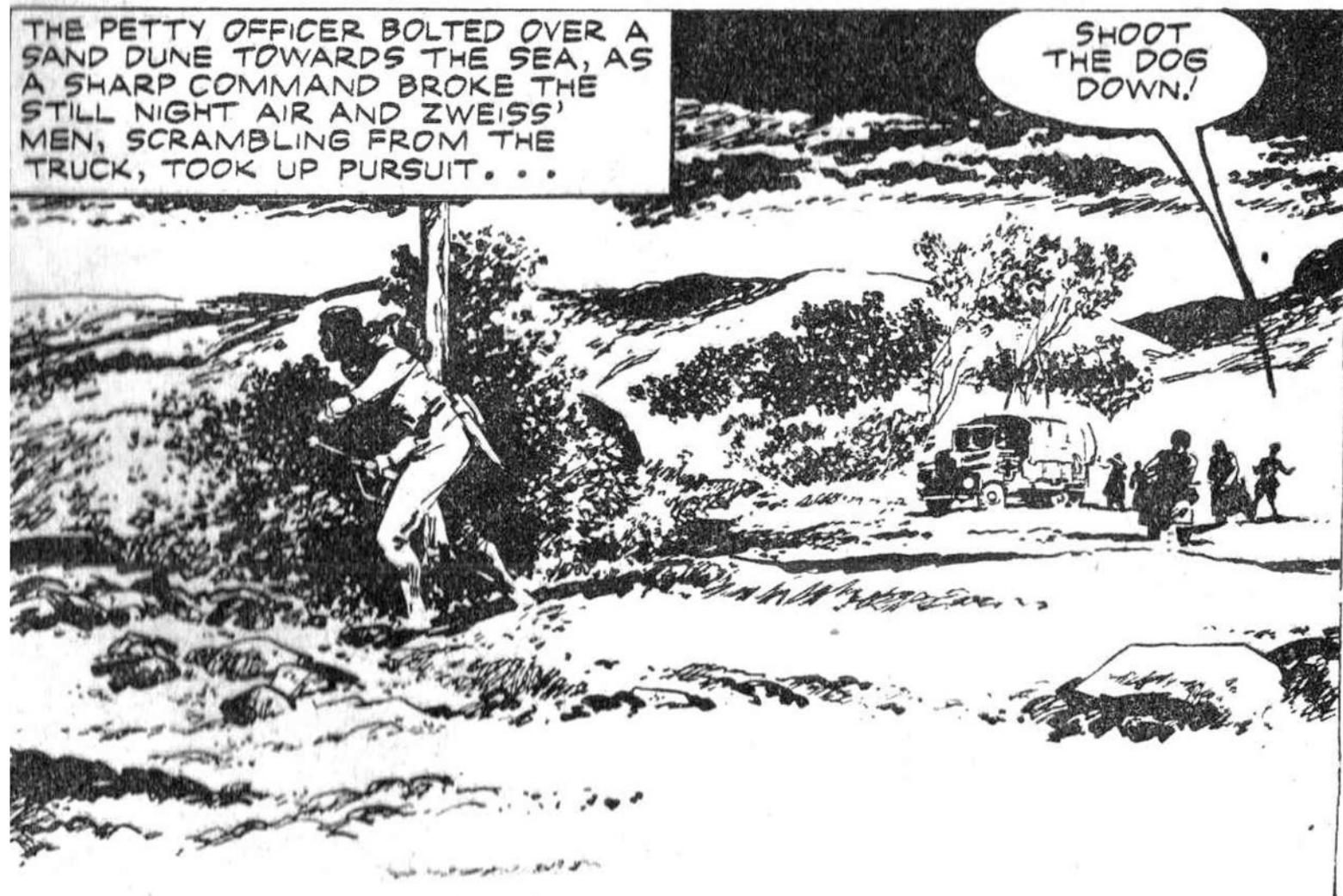
LUCKNOW FLED, BULLETS HUMMING ABOUT HIS EARS AND SPURTING UP SAND AT HIS FEET... THEN SUDDENLY HE STOPPED. SPEEDING TOWARDS HIM WAS A GERMAN TRUCK, CARRYING MORE SOLDIERS - AND ZWEISS!

MORE OF 'EM! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE FOR THE SAND DUNES!



THE PETTY OFFICER BOLTED OVER A SAND DUNE TOWARDS THE SEA, AS A SHARP COMMAND BROKE THE STILL NIGHT AIR AND ZWEISS' MEN, SCRAMBLING FROM THE TRUCK, TOOK UP PURSUIT . . .

SHOOT THE DOG DOWN!



EVEN WHILE RUNNING UNDER HEAVY FIRE, LUCKNOW HAD TIME TO READ THE ONE OMINOUS WORD ON A NOTICE BOARD . . .



THE ASTONISHED GERMANS SAW THE HUNTED MAN DISAPPEAR OVER THE DUNE . . . ON TO THE HEAVILY-MINED STRETCH OF BEACH!



BUT UNDER THE THREAT OF THE OFFICER'S PISTOL, THE RELUCTANT GERMANS CONTINUED THE CHASE . . . AND SUFFERED CASUALTIES . . . IN THEIR OWN MINEFIELD . . .

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MEN!  
THAT IS MY ORDER . . . IT IS SUICIDE  
TO TRY AND GO FURTHER—I TAKE  
FULL RESPONSIBILITY . . .



## BEACH-HEAD

LUCKNOW USED THE LULL IN HIS PURSUIT  
TO MAKE GOOD HIS GETAWAY . . .

SO  
FAR, SO  
GOOD . . .



BUT AFTER PADDLING A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE BEACH, RED WONDERED IF HIS LUCK HAD HELD . . . WHEN HE AT LAST HAD TIME TO CONSULT HIS WATCH.

FIVE  
MINUTES OVER  
MY TIME . . . THE  
SHARK'S GONE . . . AND  
THERE'S NO TURNING  
BACK NOW!



# BEACH-HEAD

17

A FEW FATHOMS BELOW LUCKNOW'S CANOE, THE SUBMARINE SHARK NOSED HER WAY FORWARD ON THE RETURN TRIP TO THE BASE AT MALTA.

SORRY I COULDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER... BUT THERE ARE PATROL BOATS IN THAT AREA. YOUR MAN KNEW MY ORDERS.



I KNOW YOU COULDN'T RISK YOUR SHIP FOR ONE MAN, SIR... I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET LUCKNOW LEAVE THE SUB.

BACK AT THE SALERNO BEACH, HAUPTMANN ZWEISS VENTED HIS WRATH UPON HIS SERGEANT,



MUTINOUS DOGS! CALL YOURSELVES GERMAN SOLDIERS? IF THE ENGLANDER IS NOT FOUND BY DAWN—THE FIRING SQUAD WILL BE BUSY! VOHL... YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

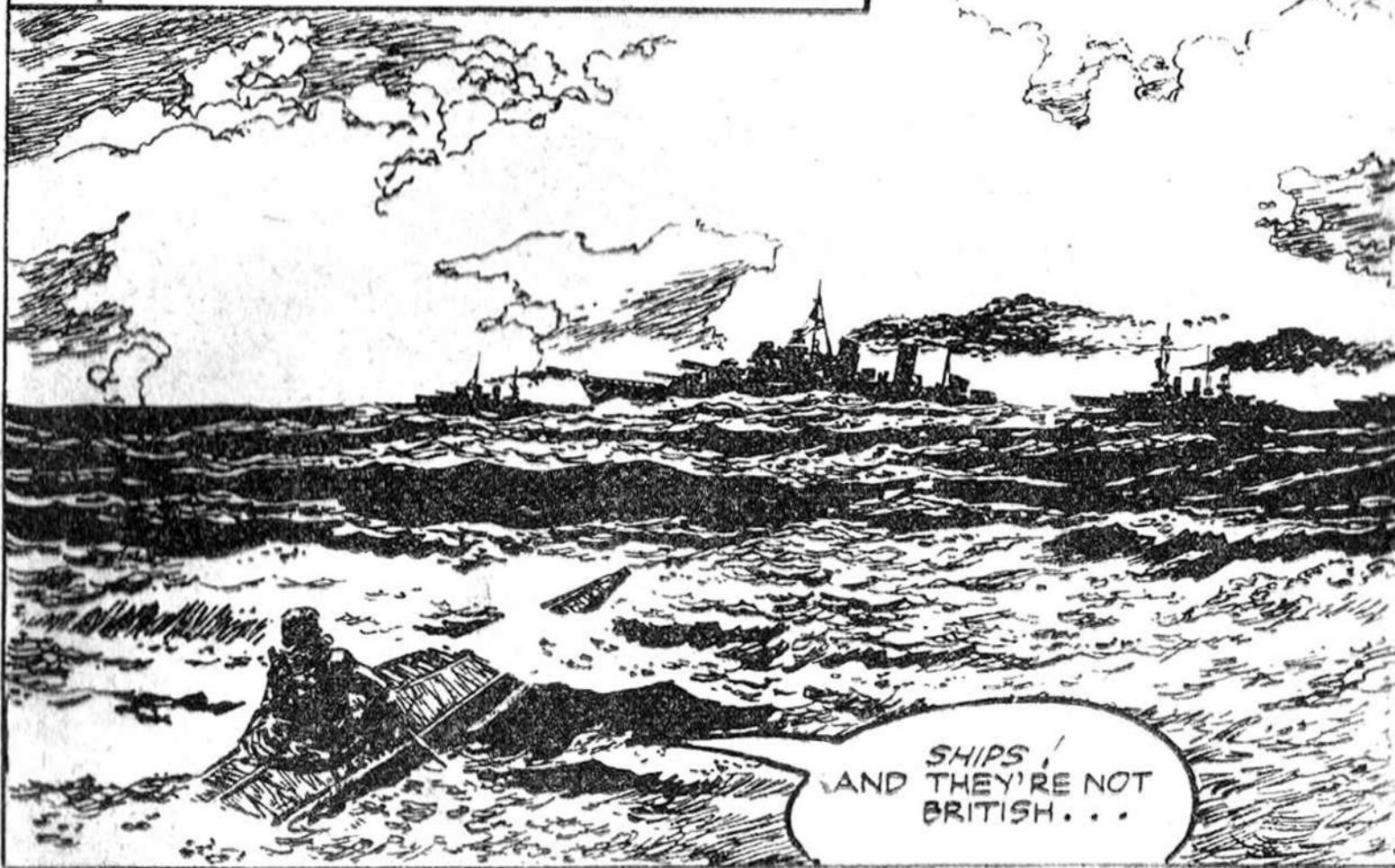
AND IN THE GREY LIGHT OF THE APPROACHING DAWN, THE INDOMITABLE RED LUCKNOW PADDLED SOUTH... FOR MALTA!



HERE'S HOPING THE OLD COCKLESHELL CAN TAKE THE STRAIN OF A LONG TRIP.

## BEACH-HEAD

HOURS LATER, UNDER A BLAZING MEDITERRANEAN SUN, LUCKNOW COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES WHEN HE SAW . . .



THE SIGHT OF A LONE CANOE FAR FROM LAND WAS EVEN MORE AMAZING TO THE LOOKOUTS OF THE APPROACHING AMERICAN TASK FORCE!



MOON, WILLING HANDS DRAGGED LUCKNOW AND HIS STURDY LITTLE CANOE ABOARD THE UNITED STATES CRUISER, FAIRFAX . . .

AMERICANS! AM  
I GLAD TO SEE YOU!  
I WAS JUST  
BEGINNING TO FEEL  
THE NEED FOR A  
BIGGER SHIP!

AN  
ENGLISHMAN!

ALWAYS  
SAID THESE  
LIMEYS WERE  
CRAZY!

HIS STORY TOLD, THE PETTY OFFICER ENJOYED HAM, EGGS AND COFFEE IN THE CRUISER CAPTAIN'S SEA-CABIN . . .

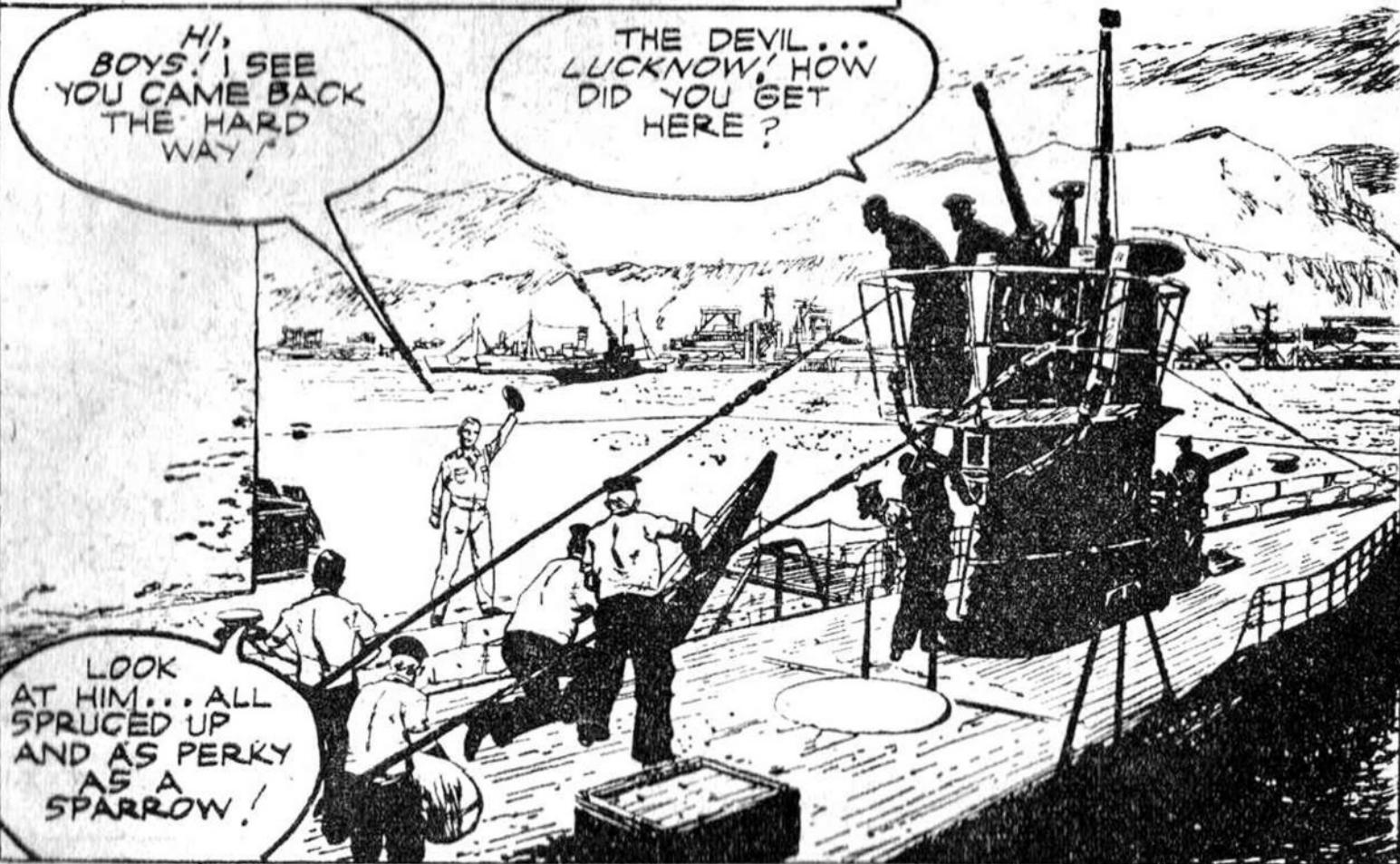
A REMARKABLE  
ADVENTURE, PETTY OFFICER.  
TASK FORCE FIFTY NINE CAME UP  
HERE TO ENGAGE THE ITALIAN  
FLEET, BUT IT'S FLED. NOW  
WE'RE HEADING FOR MALTA.  
GLAD TO HAVE YOU  
ABOARD!

MALTA,  
SIR! THAT MEANS  
I'LL BE BACK  
BEFORE MY  
PALS!

## Chapter 2.

**RETURN TO SALERNO**

TWO DAYS LATER, H.M. SUBMARINE SHARK TIED UP AT HER BASE AT MALTA . . .



AFTER A JOYFUL REUNION WITH HIS COMPANIONS OF THE C.O.P.P. PARTY, LUCKNOW WAS QUESTIONED BY HIS COMMANDING OFFICER . . .

... THIS ZWEISS THREATENED TO HAVE OUR BOYS SHOT, SIR. FROM WHAT I SAW AND HEARD OF HIM, HE MAY WELL DO JUST THAT . . .

YOU DID ALL YOU COULD FOR THEM. WE CAN ONLY WAIT TO HEAR OFFICIALLY WHETHER THEY ARE P.O.W.'S OR NOT . . .



# BEACH-HEAD

21

THE TWO MEN WALKED INTO THE SUNLIGHT  
ON THE SUBMARINE'S DECK . . .

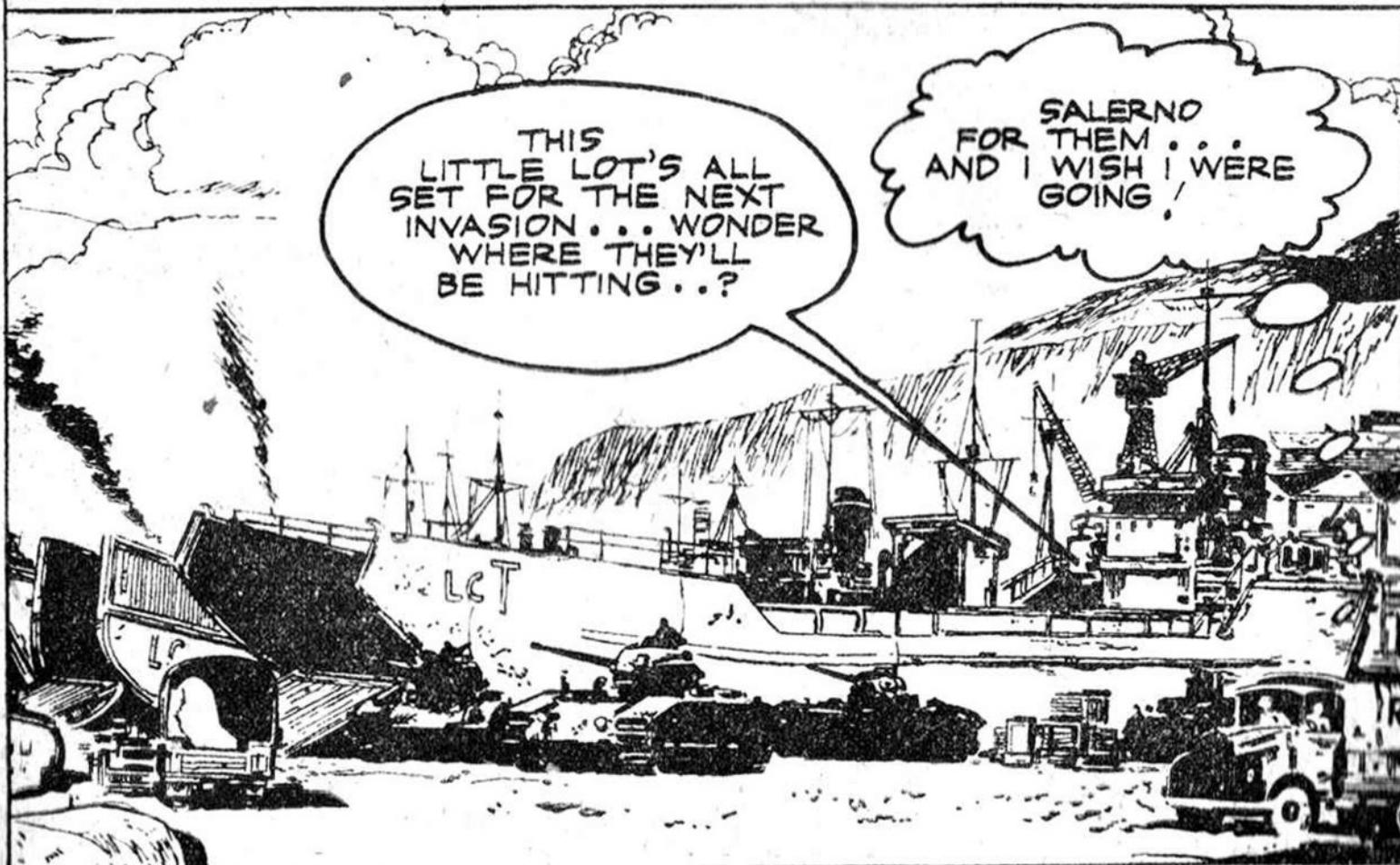
I'VE ARRANGED FOR  
YOU AND THE BOYS TO HAVE  
TWO WEEKS' LEAVE AT THE  
NAVAL REST CAMP, LUCKNOW...  
YOU'VE EARNED A  
HOLIDAY.



THE LEAVE TRUCK SPED PAST THE DOCKS AT SLEIMA CREEK. ROWS OF  
BLUNT-NOSED LANDING CRAFT WERE BEING LOADED . . .

THIS  
LITTLE LOT'S ALL  
SET FOR THE NEXT  
INVASION . . . WONDER  
WHERE THEY'LL  
BE HITTING . . . ?

SALERNO  
FOR THEM . . .  
AND I WISH I WERE  
GOING!



## BEACH-HEAD

LUCKNOW SUDDENLY RECOGNISED A SUPPORT LANDING CRAFT HE HAD SERVED IN DURING THE NORTH AFRICAN INVASION . . .



# BEACH-HEAD

RECOGNISED BY OLD  
SHIPMATES, LUCKNOW  
WAS WELCOMED  
ABOARD THE  
LANDING CRAFT...

LOOK  
WHO'S HERE . . .  
COME TO LOOK  
OVER A FIGHTING  
SHIP, RED?



THRUSTING A PATH THROUGH  
THE THRONG OF MARINES  
AND SAILORS, LIEUTENANT  
TATE, BETTER KNOWN AS  
TIN-LEGS, GLARED AT THE  
VISITOR . . .

BARGE,  
EH, LUCKNOW?  
I COULD HAVE YOU  
CLAPPED IN IRONS  
FOR THAT . . .

AYE !  
AYE, SIR.  
BUT FIRST I'VE  
A REQUEST TO  
ASK OF YOU . . .



## BEACH-HEAD

TATE HEARD THE PETTY OFFICER'S PLEA IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS TINY WARDROOM.

... I KNOW IT'S SALERNO, SIR, AND I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU THIS TRIP — I MUST FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO AMES AND RUTHERFORD...



I SHOULDN'T... BUT I'LL TAKE YOU! I NEED AN EXTRA GUNNER... AND IF THE LANDING GOES WELL, THEN YOU CAN MAKE YOUR ENQUIRIES ASHORE...

BY NIGHTFALL OF SEPTEMBER 8TH., 1943, A VAST ARMADA OF INVASION CRAFT NOSED SEAWARD FOR SALERNO, ITALY.

WE HIT THE BEACH AT DAWN... HOPE THE RECEPTION'S NOT TOO HOT!



THAT SAME FATEFUL NIGHT, AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT WAS MADE OVER SHIPS' LOUDSPEAKERS IN THE INVASION FLEET...

IT HAS JUST BEEN OFFICIALLY CONFIRMED THAT ITALY HAS UNCONDITIONALLY SURRENDERED... BUT THE LANDINGS AT SALERNO GULF WILL GO ON AS PLANNED...

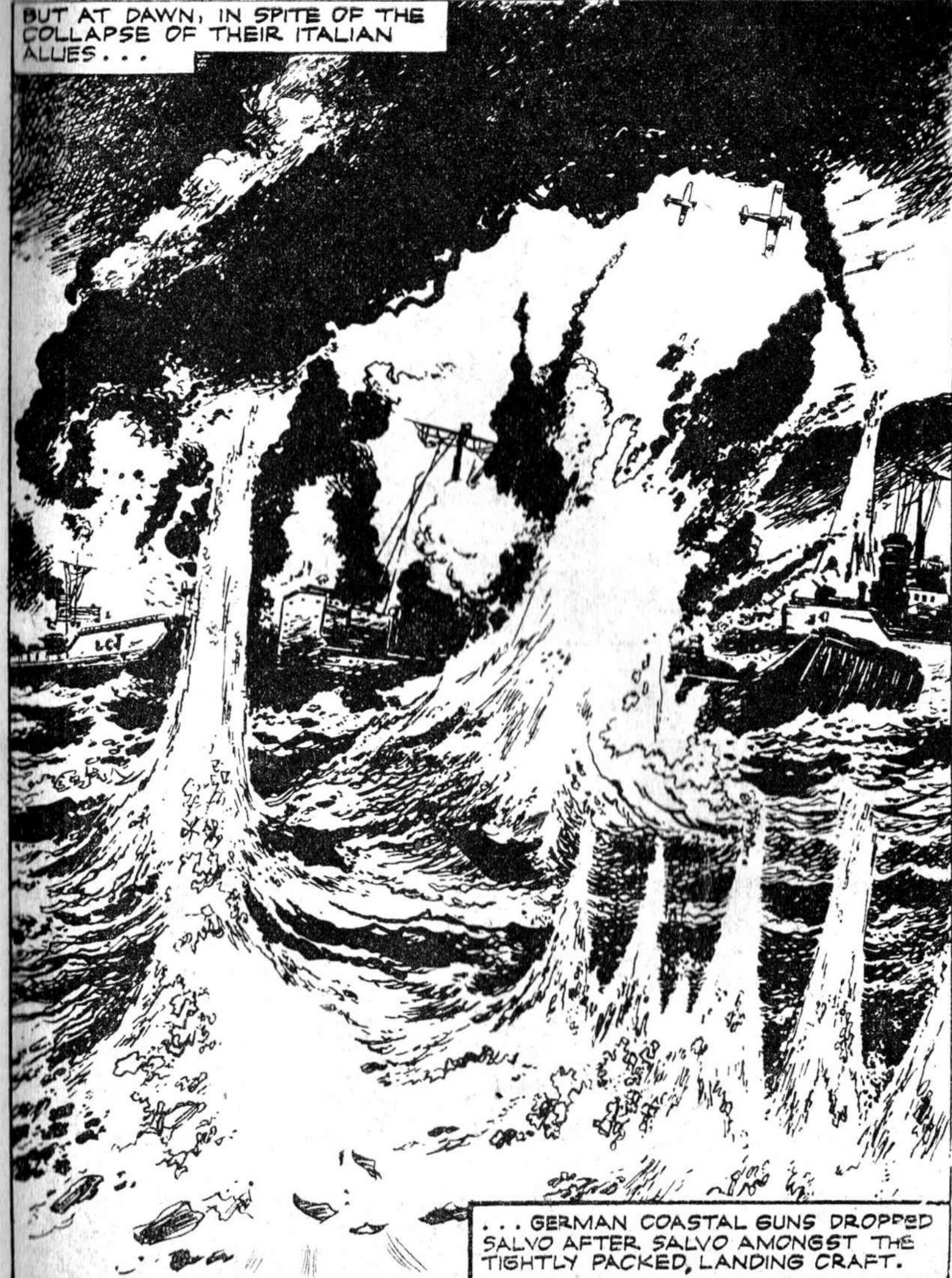
GOOD-O! THIS INVASION SHOULD BE A PIECE OF CAKE! HOLIDAYS WITH PAY IN SUNNY ITALY!



# BEACH-HEAD

BUT AT DAWN, IN SPITE OF THE  
COLLAPSE OF THEIR ITALIAN  
ALLIES . . .

25



. . . GERMAN COASTAL GUNS DROPPED  
SALVO AFTER SALVO AMONGST THE  
TIGHTLY PACKED, LANDING CRAFT.

## BEACH-HEAD



... THE GERMANS WERE PROVING THEY MEANT TO HOLD SALERNO AT ALL COSTS!

PROTECTING THE FLANK OF AN L.C.T. FLOTILLA, L.C.G. 10 WAS IN THE THICK OF THE FIRST WAVE OF THE LANDING . . .

L.C.T.'S HAVE STRUCK A HOT-SPOT, SIR! THERE ARE ANTI-TANK AND HEAVY MACHINE-GUN POSITIONS ON THE BEACH . . .

THEN WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE AND SILENCE THEM!  
**STAND BY TO BEACH!**

# BEACH-HEAD

27

THE L.C.G.'S FLAT BOTTOM CRUNCHED ON TO THE SAND AS SHE BEACHED BESIDE THE HARD HIT TANK LANDING CRAFT . . .



RAPID FIRE AT ANTI-TANK POSITION!



## BEACH-HEAD

ACCURATE FIRE FROM THE NAVAL GUNS PULVERISED  
THE GERMAN FORWARD ANTI-TANK POSITIONS . . .



COUNTER-FIRE FROM THE BEACH WAS CONCENTRATED ON  
GALLANT LITTLE L.C.G. 10 . . .

THEY'VE PUT ALL THEIR  
BIG STUFF ON TO US, SIR!  
AND THEY'LL SOON HAVE  
OUR RANGE . . .



# BEACH-HEAD

29

THE FIRST OF THE HEAVY SHELLS SCREAMED ABOARD...  
SEVERE DAMAGE AND CASUALTIES FOLLOWED!



SHAKEN, DAZED, BUT UNWOUNDED, LUCKNOW WAS FIRST TO GAIN HIS FEET - THERE CAME A YELL FROM THE BRIDGE . . .

GET THOSE  
GUNS BACK INTO  
ACTION!



## BEACH-HEAD

BUT IN THE RESPITE, THE GERMAN ANTI-TANK GUNS RESUMED THEIR DEADLY WORK WITH RENEWED VIGOUR . . .

THE SUPPORT CRAFT IS FINISHED! WE WILL DESTROY EVERY TANK AS IT LANDS . . .



THE FATE OF THE LANDING OPERATION HUNG IN THE BALANCE. THE JUBILANT GERMANS FOUGHT BACK, WITH LITTLE TO STOP THEM.

POSITION IS DESPERATE ASHORE . . . WE MUST KNOCK THOSE GERMAN GUNS OUT!

AYE, SIR!  
LET'S HIT 'EM FOR SIX! FORWARD GUN IS  
STILL WORKING . . .  
I HOPE!



# BEACH-HEAD

A MAKESHIFT GUN CREW WENT INTO ACTION TO  
SAVE THE SITUATION . . .

31



THE LONE GUN CRASHED INTO LIFE . . .  
A HAIL OF STEEL SWATHED AMONG  
THE GERMAN DEFENCES . . .



## BEACH-HEAD

AND NOW THE BATTLE FOR THE BEACH-HEAD TOOK ON A VERY DIFFERENT LOOK . . .

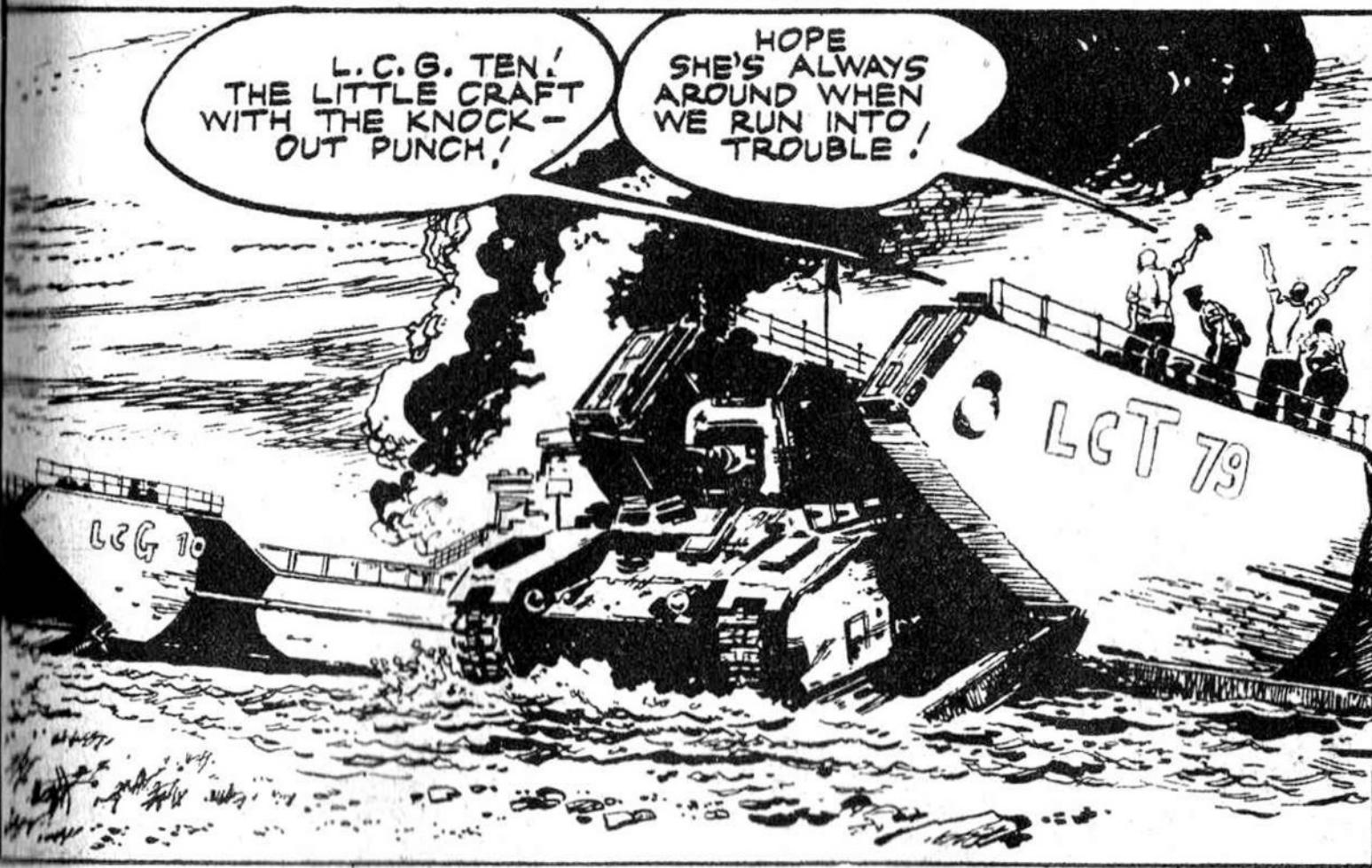
NOW IT'S OUR TURN . . .  
AND THEY DON'T SEEM TO LIKE BEING  
**ON THE RECEIVING END !**



CHEERS FOR THE GALLANT WORK OF THE L.C.G. RANG OUT FROM THEIR PALS OF THE BATTERED TANK LANDING CRAFT . . .

L.C.G. TEN!  
THE LITTLE CRAFT  
WITH THE KNOCK-  
OUT PUNCH!

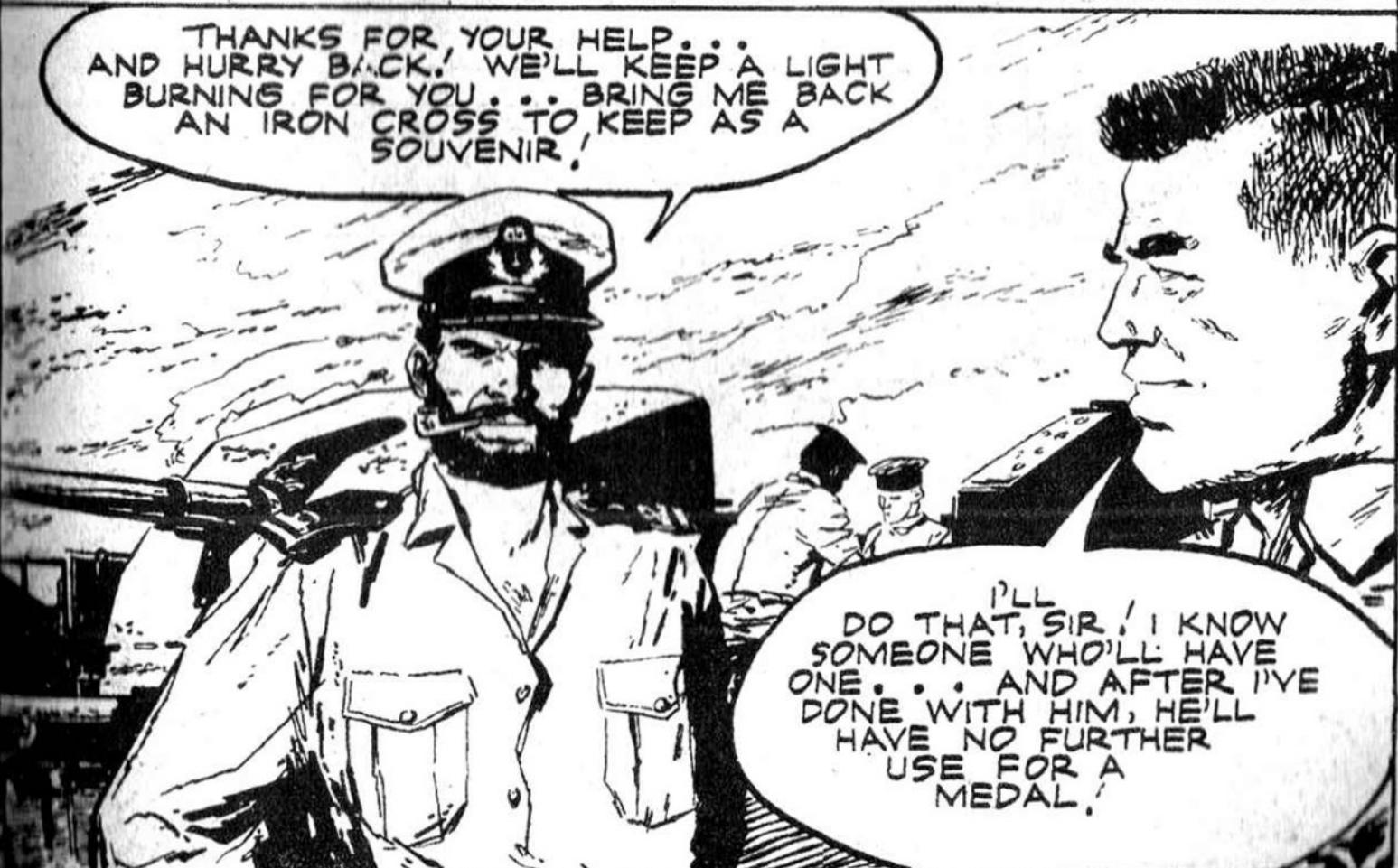
HOPE  
SHE'S ALWAYS  
AROUND WHEN  
WE RUN INTO  
TROUBLE!



AND NOW BEGAN THE TASK FOR WHICH RED LUCKNOW HAD MADE HIS UNOFFICIAL AND HIGHLY DANGEROUS RETURN TO SALERNO . . .

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.  
AND HURRY BACK! WE'LL KEEP A LIGHT  
BURNING FOR YOU . . . BRING ME BACK  
AN IRON CROSS TO KEEP AS A  
SOUVENIR!

I'LL  
DO THAT, SIR! I KNOW  
SOMEONE WHO'LL HAVE  
ONE . . . AND AFTER I'VE  
DONE WITH HIM, HE'LL  
HAVE NO FURTHER  
USE FOR A  
MEDAL!



# *Chapter 3. FIGHTING PATROL*

OBLIVIOUS OF THE RAGING BATTLE AND WITH THE FAMILIAR SAND OF SALERNO BEACH CRUNCHING BENEATH BORROWED BOOTS, LUCKNOW HEADED TO WHERE HE HAD LAST SEEN ZWEISS . . .

SERGEANT HARDING! IS THAT RED-HEADED MANIAC ONE OF OUR PATROL . . . ?

NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE, ARIZONA! HE'S ASKING FOR TROUBLE—OR THE VICTORIA CROSS!

LUCKNOW WAS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. FIRING BURSTS OF LEAD AS HE WENT AHEAD OF THE OTHER TROOPS, HE BEGAN TO CLEAR A PATH UP TO THE DUGOUT WHERE ZWEISS HAD FIRST QUESTIONED AMES AND RUTHERFORD . . .

I'M BACK...  
YOU HUNS . . .

FORWARD,  
LADS! LET'S  
HELP HIM WIN  
THAT V.C.!

# BEACH-HEAD

THE ALLIED FIGHTING PATROL  
CLOSED IN TO AID LUCKNOW'S  
SINGLE-HANDED WAR AGAINST  
THE WEHRMACHT!

35



THE TOUGH LITTLE BRITISH SERGEANT HEADED FOR THE DUGOUT  
ENTRANCE WITH GRENADES AT THE READY!

HOLD  
IT, SARGE!  
THAT DUGOUT  
IS FOR  
ME...



## BEACH-HEAD

IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT, THE PETTY OFFICER'S WORDS WENT UNHEEDED — BUT AS THE SERGEANT'S ARM SWUNG TO THROW THE GRENADE, RED LEAPT FORWARD, HIS FIST CRASHING TO THE SOLDIER'S JAW . . . AND THE GRENADE FELL TO THE GROUND . . .

SORRY,  
FRIEND . . .  
I DON'T WANT  
THAT DUGOUT  
WRECKED . . . NOT  
UNTIL I'VE QUESTIONED  
WHOEVER'S INSIDE  
IT . . .



THE PRIMED GRENADE ROLLED TO A HALT BESIDE THE PROSTRATE SOLDIER, WHO STARED IN HORROR AND GAVE A SHOUT OF WARNING AS THE GRINNING LUCKNOW REACHED FOR IT . . .

FLATTEN,  
YOU FOOL! THAT'S  
A FOUR-SECOND  
FUSE . . .

PITY  
TO WASTE  
IT! I'LL GIVE IT  
TO THE JERRIES  
BEHIND THE  
DUGOUT!



# BEACH-HEAD

CALMLY AND DELIBERATELY, LUCKNOW LOFTED THE GRENADE OVER THE DUG-OUT - BUT ONLY JUST IN TIME!

37

NOW  
WE'LL TAKE THIS  
PLACE INTACT.  
ARE YOU WITH  
ME?

YOU'RE  
A COOL ONE,  
I GRANT YOU  
THAT! I'M WITH  
YOU!

CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE TALL U.S. SERGEANT, LUCKNOW AND HARDING BATTLED THEIR WAY INTO THE DUGOUT, WHERE A GERMAN OFFICER SAT AT A RADIO SET . . .

GEFÄNGNIS

SPERMAHT LUFTWAF

FEUER

RAISE  
'EM HIGH,  
HERMANN! A  
NEW FIRM HAS  
TAKEN  
OVER . . .

## BEACH-HEAD

ANY WILD HOPE LUCKNOW MAY HAVE NURSED ABOUT CAPTURING ZWEISS DIED PROMPTLY. THE OFFICER BEFORE THEM WAS OF A DIFFERENT REGIMENT.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE TWENTIETH HERMANN GOERING REGIMENT? WHERE'S HAUPTMANN ZWEISS?



WE TOOK OVER THIS SECTOR FROM THEM YESTERDAY... ZWEISS WILL BE AT REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS — A MANSION HOUSE JUST NORTH OF SALERNO VILLAGE...

WITH THIS INFORMATION, LUCKNOW TURNED TO LEAVE THE DUGOUT. BUT SERGEANT HARDING BARRED HIS WAY...

WHOA! NOT SO FAST! WANT TO WIN THE WAR YOURSELF? MAYBE WE CAN HELP...

THIS IS PRIVATE BUSINESS, SERGEANT!



REGULAR BALL OF FIRE, AIN'T HE!

MAYBE WE CAN JOIN FORCES . . . WE COULD USE YOU, FROM WHAT WE'VE SEEN OF THE WAY YOU FIGHT! I'M SERGEANT HARDING, LOVAT SCOUTS . . . THIS YANK IS SERGEANT ARIZONA MORGAN, U.S. RANGERS . . .

WE'RE A MIXED VOLUNTEER PATROL OUT TO DESTROY A LONG-RANGE GERMAN GUN DOING SERIOUS DAMAGE TO OUR BEACH-HEAD SHIPPING . . . LIKE TO TAG ALONG?

SOME OTHER TIME, YANK. I'VE GOT TWO PALS UNDER SENTENCES OF DEATH NOT FAR AWAY . . . AND A DATE WITH THE MAN WHO SENTENCED THEM!



HARDING UNFOLDED A LARGE MAP ACROSS A TABLE . . .

THIS EYTYE MANSION YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS ON OUR WAY TO THE BIG GUN POSITION WE SEEK . . . WE'LL HELP YOU — IF YOU HELP US OUT!

SARGE! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A BOY!



## BEACH-HEAD

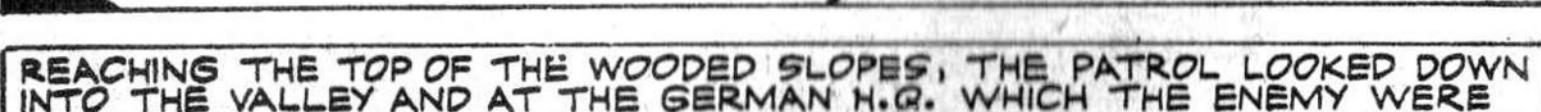
SO THE FIGHTING PATROL WENT ON ITS WAY... WITH AN EXTRA MAN... AND AN EXTRA MISSION!



TAKE  
ME TO ZWEISS AT  
HIS H.Q. FIRST—  
THEN I'LL HELP  
YOU TO SPIKE  
THAT GUN!

WE'LL  
FILL YOU IN ON DETAILS  
AS WE PROCEED. THE GUN  
WE'RE TO TACKLE IS A TWENTY-  
FOUR-INCHER — BIGGEST GUN IN  
ITALY! AND IT'S SO WELL HIDDEN.  
THE R.A.F. CAN'T FIND IT...

**WE INTEND TO!**



REACHING THE TOP OF THE WOODED SLOPES, THE PATROL LOOKED DOWN  
INTO THE VALLEY AND AT THE GERMAN H.Q. WHICH THE ENEMY WERE  
HURRIEDLY EVACUATING AS THE BRITISH FIGHTER BOMBERS ROARED TO  
THE ATTACK ...



SHUCKS,  
LOOK AT JERRY  
RUNNING... THEY  
SURE MEAN TO  
DODGE THE  
BOMBS!

THE FIRST OF THE BOMBERS SWOOPED LOW AND RELEASED ITS BOMBS. THE NEXT SECOND THERE WAS A VIOLENT EXPLOSION AND AS A PALL OF SMOKE AND DUST ROSE FROM THE STRICKEN BUILDING, MORE BOMBERS DROPPED THEIR LOADS ON THE TARGET...



## BEACH-HEAD

AS THE AIRCRAFT CIRCLED THE WRECKED AND BLAZING BUILDING, A SUDDEN AWFUL THOUGHT IN LUCKNOW'S MIND TURNED WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CHEERING SIGHT INTO A NIGHTMARE!



FOLLOWED BY THE TWO STALWART SERGEANTS, LUCKNOW RACED DOWN THE HILLSIDE AND INTO THE SMOKE-FILLED REMAINS OF THE HOUSE . . .



LUCKNOW HEARD THE VOICE, TOO. ONE HEAVE OF HIS SHOULDER SENT A LOCKED DOOR LEADING TO A CELLAR BURSTING FREE OF ITS HINGES!



BELLOW, IN A CORRIDOR OF CELLS, A LONE GERMAN PRISONER HAD BEEN LEFT TO HIS FATE BY HIS OWN KIND...

DANKE, DANKE!  
MEIN FRIENDS...

STAND  
BACK FROM  
THE DOOR, HEINIE!  
I'M GOING TO  
BLAST THAT  
LOCK...

ALL THE OTHER CELLS  
ARE EMPTY! YOUR  
FRIENDS AREN'T HERE —  
**IF THEY'RE STILL  
ALIVE!**



THE FELDWEBEL STUMBLED FROM HIS PRISON TO POUR OUT HIS THANKS  
TO HIS UNEXPECTED RESCUERS . . .

KAMERADS,  
I OWE YOU MY LIFE.  
I WAS LEFT IN THERE  
TO ROAST LIKE A PIG  
BY MY OWN OFFICER . . .  
A DOG NAMED  
**ZWEISS!**

ZWEISS!  
WHAT DO  
YOU KNOW OF  
HIM?



FORGETTING THE DANGER IN THE BLAZING BUILDING, LUCKNOW SEIZED THE GERMAN, PRESSING HIM FOR INFORMATION...



THE FOUR MEN MADE THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE DOOMED BUILDING WITH BUT SECONDS TO SPARE . . . AN AMMUNITION STORE IN THE CELLARS ERUPTED AND THE WALLS AND ROOF CRASHED IN A SHOWER OF BRICKS AND RUBBLE . . .



## BEACH-HEAD

MENTION OF THE GUN MADE THE SERGEANTS SIT BOLT UPRIGHT! MORGAN MENACED VOHL WITH HIS THOMPSON AUTOMATIC...



STILL COVERED BY THE RANGER'S SUB-MACHINE GUN, VOHL LED THE PATROL FORWARD . . .

I DON'T LIKE WORKING WITH JERRIES . . . BUT THIS BIRD MAY BE USEFUL. IF YOUR PALS ARE HELD AT THE GUN POSITION, WE MAY BE KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!

I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'LL BE KILLING MORE THAN BIRDS VERY SOON!



# Chapter 4. THE BIG GUN

ONE HOUR LATER, AFTER DODGING NUMEROUS GERMAN DEFENCE POSITIONS, THE PATROL RELAXED AS BEST THEY COULD UNDER THE BROILING ITALIAN SUN . . .



NOTHING COULD BE MORE PEACEFUL THAN THE VALLEY MORGAN VIEWED THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS . . . THERE WAS NO SIGN OF ANY GUN POSITION IN THE DIRECTION THAT VOHL WAS POINTING . . .



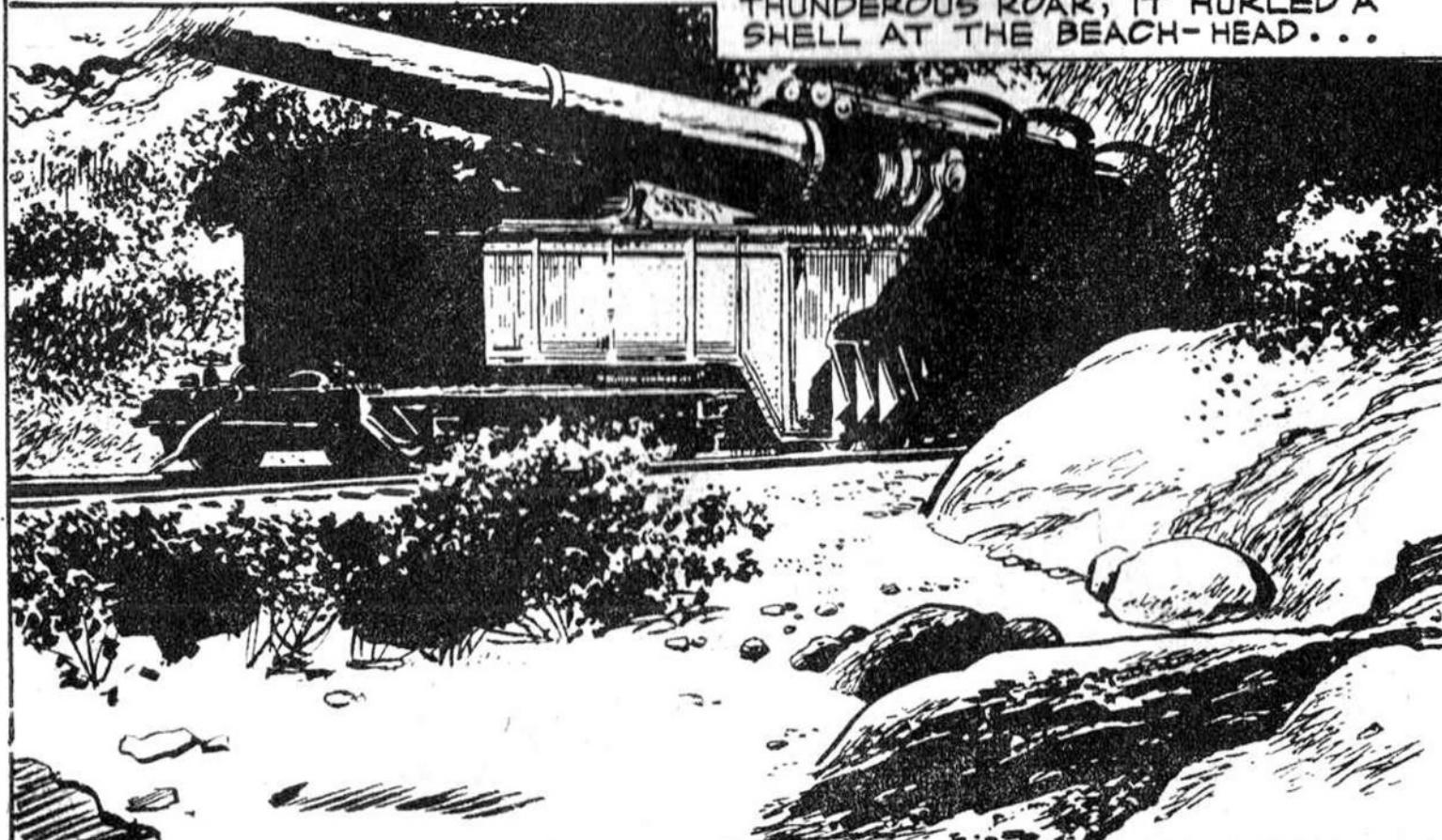
## BEACH-HEAD

BUT THEN, A MIRACLE APPEARED TO HAPPEN BELOW... THE TREES MOVED SIDEWAYS FROM THE ROCK FACE... AND AS THE PATROL CREPT CLOSER, THEY SAW A RAILWAY... AND A HUGE GUN MOVED SLOWLY FROM WITHIN A CAVE IN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE...



THE HUGE GUN HAD BEEN MAGNIFICENTLY CAMOUFLAGED WITH TYPICAL GERMAN THOROUGHNESS AND CUNNING... CONTROLLED FROM INSIDE THE CAVE. ITS BARREL ELEVATED... AND THEN, WITH A

THUNDEROUS ROAR, IT HURLED A SHELL AT THE BEACH-HEAD...



... A FEW MOMENTS AFTER FIRING,  
AND WITH EFFORTLESS EASE, THE  
MONSTER ARTILLERY PIECE WAS  
WITHDRAWN INTO ITS HILLSIDE  
CAVERN FOR RELOADING ...

ARIZONA! I'M GOING DOWN  
TO LEAVE A PRESENT FOR,  
THAT JACK-IN-THE-BOX.  
WHEN THOSE GUNNERS' BABY  
IS WRECKED THEY'LL COME  
A-RUNNING. I'LL DRAW 'EM  
BACK HERE FOR YOU TO  
DEAL WITH...

WE'LL  
BE HERE  
WAITING FOR  
'EM, SERGEANT!

I'M COMING WITH YOU,  
SARGE! THE NAVY TAUGHT  
ME A FEW THINGS ABOUT  
BLOWING UP JERRY  
POSITIONS...

THE SERGEANT AND PETTY OFFICER  
LUCKNOW MADE A CAUTIOUS DESCENT  
INTO THE VALLEY ...

FIVE MINUTES  
BETWEEN ROUNDS ...  
THAT'LL GIVE US PLENTY  
OF TIME TO LAY AN EGG  
ON THAT TRACK! HAND  
ME SOME OF THAT  
EXPLOSIVE ...

## BEACH-HEAD

WORKING PRONE IN THE UNDERGROWTH,  
THE TWO MEN PACKED GELIGNITE  
CYLINDERS AROUND THE STEEL  
RUNWAY . . .

STUFF THE REST  
OF IT IN ONE PLACE,  
RED! NO TIME TO  
DISTRIBUTE IT . . .  
IT'LL DO THE  
JOB!

THE PAIR SCRAMBLED CLEAR,  
HARDING TRAILING THE  
ELECTRIC FUSE . . .

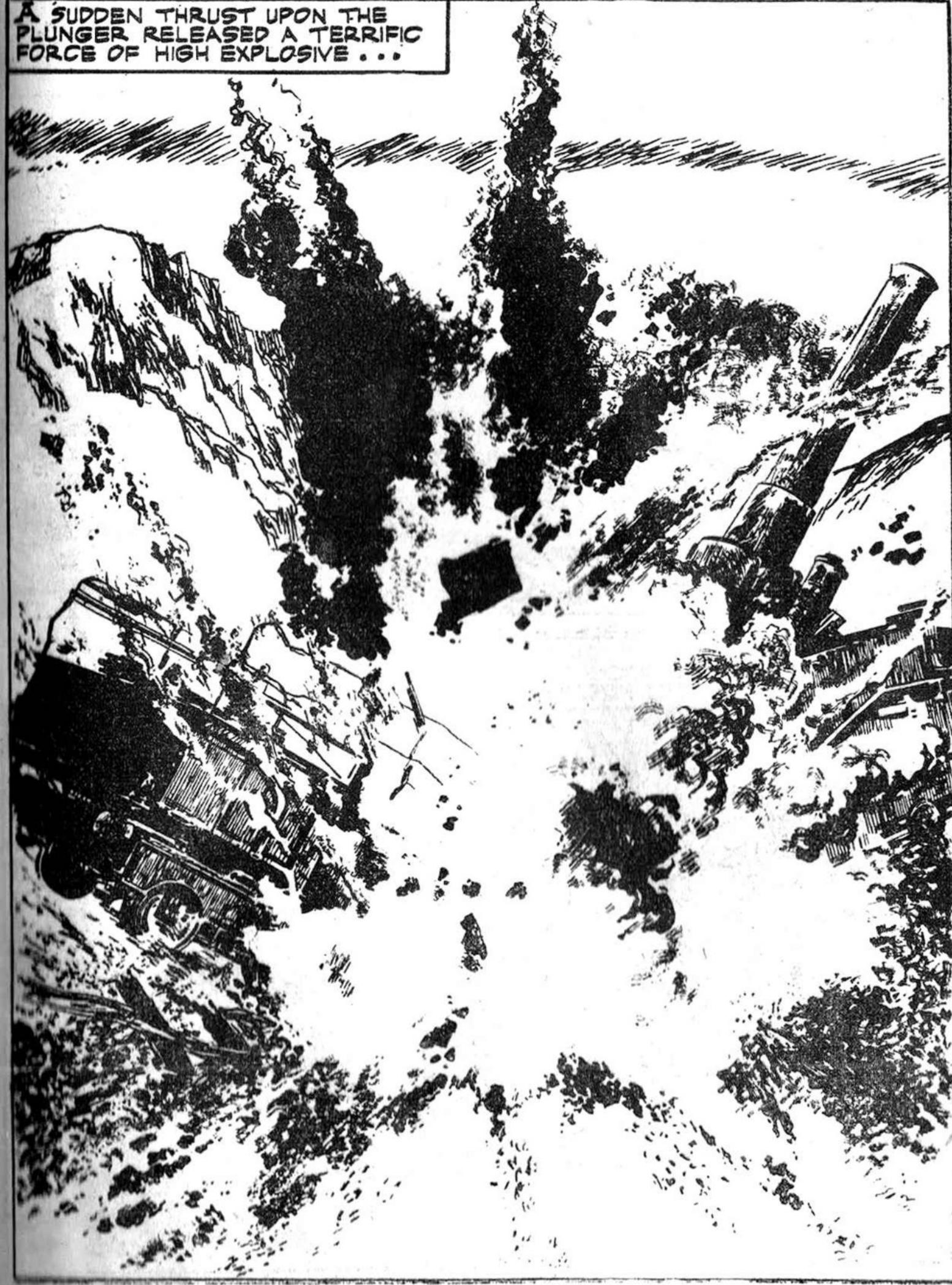


WITH QUICK, SURE FINGERS, THE  
DEMOLITION SERGEANT CONNECTED  
THE FUSE TO THE BATTERY BOX . . .

THIRTY  
SECONDS AND  
SHE'LL FIRE  
AGAIN . . .



A SUDDEN THRUST UPON THE PLUNGER RELEASED A TERRIFIC FORCE OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE ...



## BEACH-HEAD

THE ROAR OF THE GREAT EXPLOSION STILL ECHOING AROUND THE VALLEY, THE ENRAGED GERMANS POURED FROM THE GUN CONTROL ROOM INSIDE THE CAVERN BENT ON VENGEANCE . . .

LET'S MOVE, RED . . .  
LEAVE SOME WORK FOR  
ARIZONA AND THE  
BOYS!



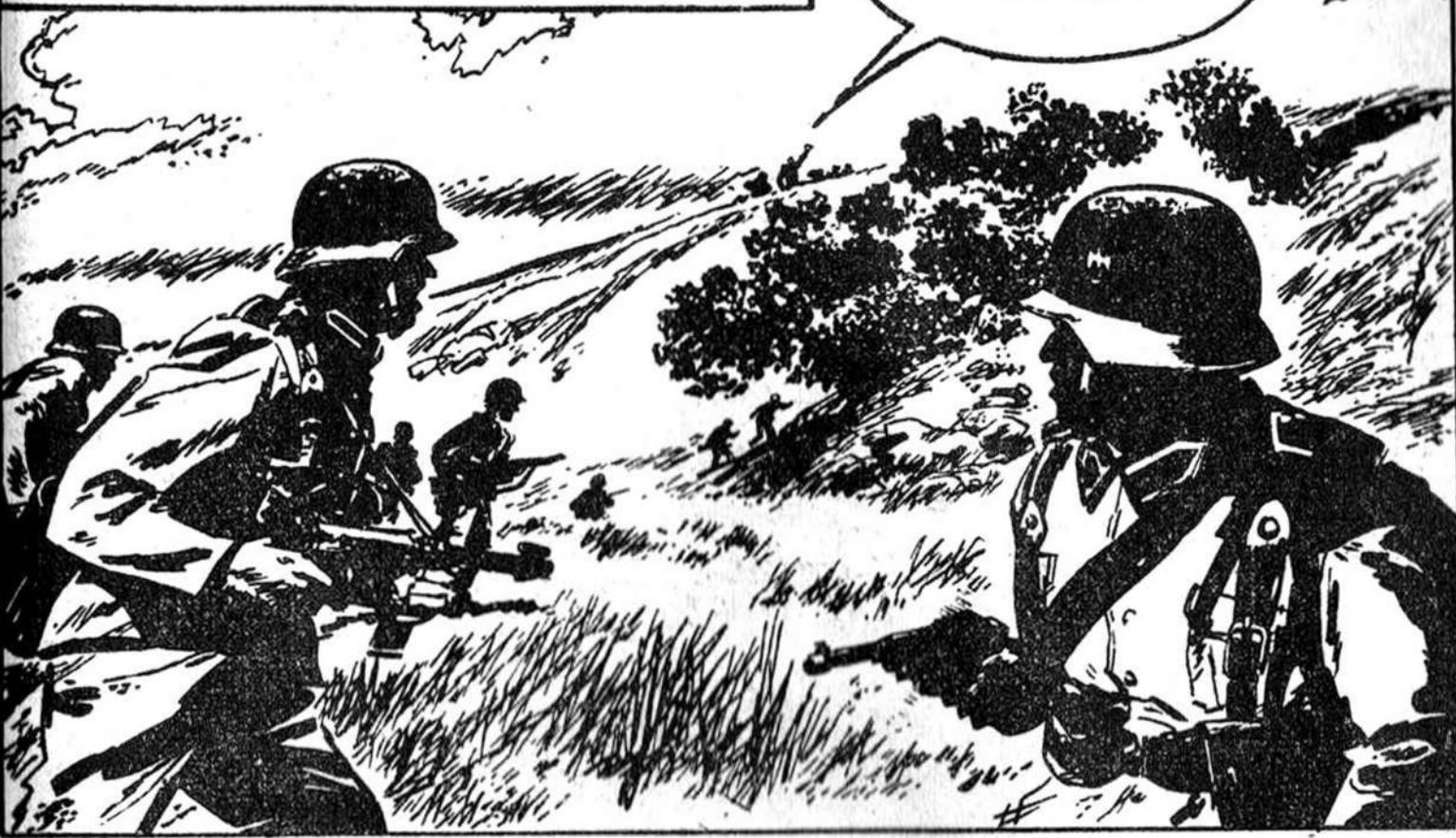
WITH THE WEHRMACHT TROOPS IN HOT PURSUIT, THE BRITISH PAIR RACED UP THE HILLSIDE TOWARDS THE RIDGE WHERE THE REST OF THE PATROL WERE WAITING FOR THE GERMANS TO GET WITHIN RANGE OF THEIR GUNS . . .

HOLD  
YOUR FIRE, BOYS!  
WAIT TILL  
I GIVE THE  
ORDER!



FIRE! ARIZONA'S COMMAND RANG OUT  
AND LUCKNOW AND HARDING LEAPT FOR  
COVER AS THEIR COMRADES' GUNS  
BARKED AT THE ENEMY!

LET 'EM HAVE  
IT! BLAST 'EM  
INTO THE /  
GROUND!



THE WITHERING, UNEXPECTED HAIL  
OF AUTOMATIC FIRE CUT THE  
GERMAN ATTACK DEAD IN ONE  
MOMENT . . .

SOME GUYS  
SURE HAVE TO  
LEARN THE HARD  
WAY!

ACH!  
TRAPPED . . .



## BEACH-HEAD

THE BATTLE-WISE SERGEANT HARDING ROSE TO URGE HIS FIGHTING PATROL FORWARD TO PRESS HOME THEIR ADVANTAGE . . .



AS SERGEANT MORGAN PREPARED TO LEAD HIS MEN DOWN FROM THE RIDGE, HIS ATTENTION WAS DRAWN TO THE PRISONER, FELDWEBEL VOHL . . .



LEADING THE ADVANCE, LUCKNOW BLASTED HIS WAY INTO THE GERMAN HILLSIDE STRONGHOLD — ONLY TO SEE HIS QUARRY ENTERING A SIDE ROOM OFF THE MAIN CAVERN ...



THE HEAVY DOOR THUDDED SHUT AS LUCKNOW HURLED HIMSELF FORWARD . . .



## BEACH-HEAD

ZWEISS HAD GAINED TIME TO PUT A DIABOLICAL SCHEME INTO OPERATION . . .



CALLOUSLY, THE GERMAN LIT A SET DEMOLITION FUSE LEADING INTO THE ROWS OF SHELLS . . . TO A CHARGE BIG ENOUGH TO EXPLODE THE AMMUNITION, BIG ENOUGH TO BLAST THE HILLSIDE CAVERN APART AND KILL FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE . . .



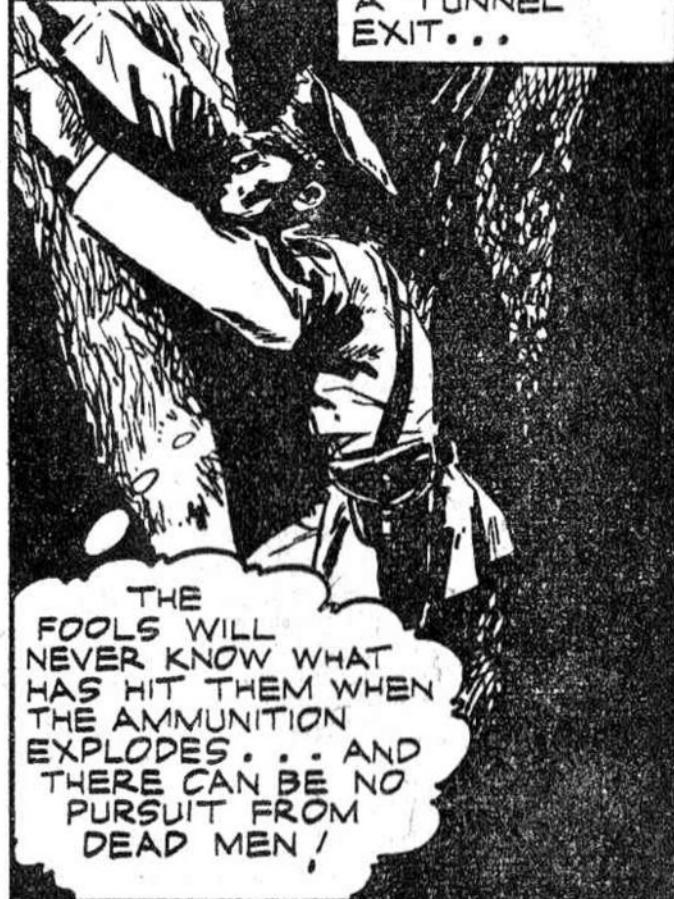
THE TWO FROGMEN RESIGNED THEMSELVES TO THEIR FATE... THE STOUT DOOR SEEMED TOO MUCH OF A BARRIER TO BE BREACHED BY THE PATROL...

THIS  
IS CURTAINS,  
PAL.  
CHEERS!



CHEERS  
YOURSELF...  
AND I HOPE HE  
GETS 'STUCK UP  
THERE!'

ZWEISS CLAMBERED UP A ROPE LADDER - CONFIDENT OF GETTING TO SAFETY... THROUGH A TUNNEL EXIT...



THE FOOLS WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAS HIT THEM WHEN THE AMMUNITION EXPLODES... AND THERE CAN BE NO PURSUIT FROM DEAD MEN!

REPEATED EFFORTS TO BREAK THROUGH THE DOOR FAILED. THE MINUTES TICKED AWAY...

A TOUGH NUT... BUT IF ZWEISS IS IN THERE... I'LL GET TO HIM!

LET'S TRY USING THIS RAIL AS A BATTERING RAM!



## BEACH-HEAD

THE DOOR SHUDDERED UNDER REPEATED BLOWS WITH THE MAKESHIFT RAM... AND THEN...

WE'VE DONE IT!



RED  
LUCKNOW! WE  
MIGHT HAVE  
KNOWN!

GLAD YOU'RE  
STILL WITH US, BOYS!  
BUT WHERE IS  
ZWEISS?



# BEACH-HEAD

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WITH TEETH CLENCHED, LUCKNOW POURED A HAIL OF BULLETS INTO THE TUNNEL... BUT THE ROPE LADDER CAME SNAKING DOWN— PROOF THAT ZWEISS HAD REACHED THE OUTSIDE... AND SAFETY...

TOO LATE! MISSED THE BLITZER! NEVER MIND, LUCKNOW— YOU'LL GET HIM SOONER OR LATER... AND YOUR PALS ARE SAFE...

EVERYBODY OUT AT THE DOUBLE! THIS THING IS READY TO BLOW!

NOW THERE WAS NO TIME FOR ANYTHING BUT RAPID EVACUATION OF THE CAVERN... EVEN LUCKNOW HAD TO ADMIT THAT!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, BOYS. THE WHOLE CAVERN IS GOING TO BLOW...

## BEACH-HEAD

A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY, ZWEISS WAS MAKING GOOD HIS ESCAPE.

ACH, SO!  
SOON I WILL BE AMONG GERMANS AGAIN!



... BUT THERE WAS ONE GERMAN THE HAUPTMANN DID NOT EXPECT TO MEET...

SO WE MEET AGAIN, MEIN, HAUPTMANN...



DONNERWETTER!  
VOHL!

EVEN THE HEAVY BULLET FROM THE OFFICER'S PISTOL COULD NOT HALT THE LAST CHARGE OF THE HATE-DRIVEN VOHL!

DIE,  
SCHWEINHUND!



AACH!

THE SHARP CRACK OF THE LUGER REACHED THE MEN WHO FLED FROM THE CAVERN...

A PISTOL SHOT! MAYBE ZWEISS HAS SHOT HIMSELF AT THE SIGHT OF US GETTING TO SAFETY...

EVERYBODY DOWN! TAKE COVER!



# BEACH-HEAD

NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, THE RUNNERS WENT TO EARTH... .

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THEIR MISSION SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED, THE FIGHTING PATROL BEGAN THE HAZARDOUS RETURN TRIP TO THE BEACH- HEAD...

AND THERE'S OLD,  
TATE'S IRON CROSS.  
ZWEISS WON'T MISS  
THAT!

WELL, WELL!  
HEY, LUCKNOW...  
HERE'S YOUR FRIEND,  
I'LL BET... VOHL HAS  
DONE THE JOB  
FOR YOU!



## BEACH-HEAD

AT THE BEACH-HEAD, UNLOADING OF SUPPLIES AND REINFORCEMENTS PROCEEDED UNHAMPERED . . .



THE THREE SAILORS LEFT THE PATROL TO REPORT TO THE L.C.G. CAPTAIN.

WE'RE SHOVING OFF FOR MALTA AND REPAIRS. IF YOU THREE HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF SALERNO YOU'D BETTER GET ABOARD.

AYE  
AYE, SIR! GLAD TO JOIN YOU . . . AND HERE'S YOUR SOUVENIR!

# BEACH-HEAD

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AND AT MALTA, THE THREE FRIENDS QUICKLY JOINED THEIR MATES AT THE LEAVE CAMP...

THIS IS THE LIFE! TWO WEEKS OF NOTHING TO DO...

JUST EATING AND SLEEPING...

... AND NO ENEMY BEACHES.

THE SPELL OF RELAXATION WAS BROKEN BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF LIEUTENANT PEERS, THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER...

C.O.P.P.—  
'SHUN!'

WE ARE NEEDED TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE DEFENCES OF SOME FRENCH BEACHES! WE LEAVE AT ONCE FOR BRITAIN!

GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL LOOKING FIT... I'M SORRY TO BE THE ONE TO PUT AN END TO YOUR HOLIDAY...

## BEACH-HEAD

... AND SO... A WEEK LATER...  
LUCKNOW, AMES AND  
RUTHERFORD WERE BACK  
IN ACTION...



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